Worldwide Web

[Part One]

(Background of screams and giant arachnid legs skittering about.)
GOODMAN: What are you?
LUCIE: We're the ones who gave you all this, Goodman. Your philosophies and techniques were planted in your brain by us years ago. We gave you the means to draw these people in. I hope you enjoyed it while it lasted, because now it's all over.
GOODMAN: What are you doing?
LUCIE: We need the bodies of your followers. Thank you so much for breaking them in for us, making their minds so malleable and suggestible, so easy to take over. But I'm afraid *you* don't really fit the bill.
GOODMAN: You're going to kill me, aren't you.
LUCIE: How very astute.
GOODMAN: No! Get out of here! Everyone, get out!
LUCIE: Seven, get after him!

KAREN: God, it's all a bit mad out there.
HEADHUNTER: Close the door and come inside. It'll only take a few minutes.
KAREN: All right. (door closes) I just. What's one of the spiders doing in here?
HEADHUNTER: Please don't use that word. They get a bit touchy.
KAREN: Wait a minute. What's going on? Oh, no. No, no, no, no, no, no, no, this wasn't part of the deal.
HEADHUNTER: I'm afraid it was. I just didn't tell you about it.
KAREN: But I'm not one of them out there. I'm with you. Keep that thing away from me. No! Do something! Don't let it (screams then her voice gains a slight burble) Is this the only body there is?
HEADHUNTER: I'm afraid so. Why, what's wrong with it?
KAREN: It's just a bit short, that's all.
HEADHUNTER: Oh, in this era of Earth history, it's considered very attractive to be short. And to look like that.
KAREN: Oh. In that case, thank you.
HEADHUNTER: You're welcome.

KELLY: So what is a Metalebenis crystal?
DOCTOR: Metebelis.
KELLY: Metabl
DOCTOR: Mete-be-lis. It's a crystal found of Metebelis Three, the famous blue planet of the Acteon galaxy.
KELLY: I've never heard of it.
DOCTOR: Well, like so many other things, fame is relative. There are tons of blue crystals lying about the place, but it's very rare to find one as well-formed as this.
KELLY: But the Eightfold Truth have got millions of these things. They're giving them out to every member.
DOCTOR: If they're all as close to perfection as this one is, then someone must have discovered a means of manufacturing them. Which is worrying.
KELLY: Why?
DOCTOR: The crystals can concentrate and amplify thought. They're very powerful teaching tools. They can even resolve mental disorders. But in the wrong hands, they can also do a lot of damage.
KELLY: They're in the wrong hands right now. Hundreds of millions of them.

GOODMAN: Get out of here! Go on! Get away! Come on, you've listened to me so far. Do what I say one last time!
ROB: (burbley possessed voice) Stop him!
(Energy weapons.)
GOODMAN: They're trying to kill me, and they'll kill you all too!
(Car drives away.)

ROB: Let him go. Mister Goodman is not your leader now. Don't believe his lies. We're not here to kill you. We're here to save you.

(Phone rings.)
SANGAKKARA: Hello?
DOCTOR [OC]: Avishka, it's the Doctor here. How are you getting on?
SANGAKKARA: I've narrowed it down to one of a half a dozen locations in the London area.
DOCTOR [OC]: Are any of them the old Television Centre?
SANGAKKARA: Er, no, they're scattered around.
DOCTOR [OC]: Good work. Keep us posted.
SANGAKKARA: Just a moment, Doctor. There's something on the television you may be interested in. I'll turn the volume up.
LUCIE [OC]: This is a message to all our followers around the world. Our founder, Clark Goodman, has stepped down from his position as leader of the Eightfold Truth.

DOCTOR: Kelly, turn on the television.
LUCIE [OC]: Accepted responsibility for leading the group into these final few hours, and what lies beyond. We still welcome new members into the fold. It's not too late to come to us.
NEWSREADER: (woman) Mister Goodman was not available for comment.
DOCTOR: Switch it off. Thank you, Avishka. Keep me posted.
KELLY: That was your friend.
DOCTOR: Yes, Lucie. But she definitely didn't seem like herself.
KELLY: Well, being inside that place turns a lot of people weird.
DOCTOR: Another thing that turns people weird is having their minds taken over by intelligent mutant spiders.
KELLY: Please tell me that's just a non sequitur. Please tell me intelligent mutant spiders aren't behind all this.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid that would make me a liar, Kelly. You see, Metebelis Three was colonised by humans. When they landed, they were perfectly ordinary house spiders hiding in the corners of their spaceship. The spiders crawled away into the caves where these crystals form, and that's how they mutated. They became larger and cleverer, to the point where they took charge.
KELLY: And you think they're behind all this?
DOCTOR: It's likely. I thought they'd been destroyed, but it seems I'm always making that mistake with the nastier inhabitants of the cosmos. The Eightlegs, as they prefer to be known, guard the blue crystals jealously, so I doubt anyone else is using them. And their psychic powers are considerable, and I don't just mean considerable for spiders. They're one of the more advanced races around in that department.
KELLY: So what do we do?
DOCTOR: Well, when I encountered them before, I
(Knocking on door.)
KELLY: That's probably someone come to arrest me for turning the sun green. All right, all right.
(Door opens.)
GOODMAN: You've got to help me.
KELLY: Goodman!

LUCIE: Okay, then. Ensure that my broadcast is seen at least twice more before the main event.
ROB: Yes, Queen.
LUCIE: There must be no doubt that Goodman's authority no longer
ROB: Are you well?
LUCIE: I should rest. Excuse me. I'll be in Mister Goodman's chamber if anybody needs me.
(Door opens and closes.)
KAREN: Kaibar.
ROB: Yes, Stiren? That is you isn't it?
KAREN: Of course it's me.
ROB: But it's hard to know who you can trust.
KAREN: Nobody. You should know that by now. Will you be able to get away?
ROB: Yes. She's resting. This is the ideal time.
KAREN: Resting? How can she rest when we're so close to our dream?

ROB: She doesn't have the stomach for it.
KAREN: You know the location?
ROB: Yes. Let's go.

LUCIE: Oh, hello, David. What are you doing here?
DAVID: I'm not sure where else to go.
LUCIE: Don't worry, David. When the moment comes, you can be at my side.
DAVID: Really?
LUCIE: Absolutely. I want you there. I want you to be the cornerstone of the new world (spider voice) we are building.
DAVID: What's happening to your voice?
LUCIE: You'll see and hear a lot of strange things in the next few hours. You'll get used to them. In fact, you'll feel a lot better about everything.
DAVID: Okay.
LUCIE: I'm sorry, I have to go. I need to rest.
DAVID: But can I come back to you when the, when the time comes?
LUCIE: Of course.

KELLY: How did you find me?
GOODMAN: Oh, I've had you followed a few times, so I've known where you lived for ages.
KELLY: Oh, lovely. And now you want our help.
GOODMAN: Where else was I going to go? I thought you might help me if I told you the truth.
DOCTOR: The truth about the Truth?
GOODMAN: Yes. Look, well, there's no easy way to say this, but, I made it all up.
DOCTOR: I don't know, that sounded pretty easy to me.
KELLY: All of it?
GOODMAN: The mythology, the Truth, the Rebel Sun, the Chosen One, all of it, made up. Look, I admit I did enjoy the power, but you should have seen these people before. The course made them happy.
DOCTOR: Don't try to justify what you've been doing. You've been breaking people down and brainwashing them.
GOODMAN: Getting everyone to believe the Truth was essential to the solidarity of the group. One the one hand, I was telling people they could maximise their personal potential, but I didn't want conflict, so I came up with the prophecy as something which could be endlessly deferred, uniting people, giving them something to work towards.
KELLY: Uniting them with lies?
GOODMAN: But now it's all coming true. Why? I made it all up, and it's coming true anyway. What the hell happened?
DOCTOR: Where did you get the crystals?
GOODMAN: Some friends and I found them on a potholing trip in Yorkshire.
DOCTOR: Interesting.
GOODMAN: This was before I founded the movement.
KELLY: So why did you take them?
GOODMAN: I don't know. They were just unusual. But that was where the idea for the whole thing started. It was odd, but I realised that if you concentrated on the crystals, you could make people believe things. After I set up the movement, I got people to search for more.
DOCTOR: Ever since you found those crystals, the spiders have been manipulating you.
GOODMAN: But *I* came up with it all. Just me, on my own.
DOCTOR: No. I think you had a little help from someone who knew the Sun would come, who knew what the crystals really did. They had been planting thoughts in your brain.
KELLY: The Second Aspect of your Truth is that the number eight is powerful, and the Sixth is that we must be humble because superior life on other planets exists. And you've got some parable about spiders building their webs as an inspiration to rebuild this sick society or whatever.
GOODMAN: I stole that from Robert the Bruce. Although the part about the Worldwide Web being a sign of humanity's psychological debt to spiders was all mine.
DOCTOR: It's all making sense. The spiders built your organisation to order. You didn't know your prophecies would come to pass, but they did. What's this about a Chosen One?
GOODMAN: I incorporated that as a way of anointing my successor, if I ever wanted to stand down, then people were telling me she'd arrived.

KELLY: How did you find her?
GOODMAN: A few years ago we brought in a new technical specialist. She equipped us with new systems for scanning brain activity. By cross-referencing that data with our induction survey, we can do a lot of psychological profiling in a matter of minutes. I defined the Chosen One in there to make our members keener to find new recruits. Again, I made it all up. Then we found Lucie.
DOCTOR: Lucie is not your Chosen One.
GOODMAN: I know. Is she a friend of yours?
DOCTOR: She is, yes. A very good friend. I'd love to think that she'd pushed you out of your organisation to bring it down from the inside, but sadly I think she's been possessed.
GOODMAN: She's not the only one. As I left, those things were attacking people, jumping onto their backs. That was how they rewarded the most loyal members.
KELLY: Most loyal?
GOODMAN: The one's who'd been with us the longest.
DOCTOR: In other words, the ones who'd been subject to you brainwashing over a number of years. That's what this has all been for. The spiders have been softening them up.
KELLY: Through you. Aliens are going to take over the world, Mister Goodman, and it is all your fault.
GOODMAN: They're going to take over the world?
DOCTOR: It might be even worse than that.

(Door opens and closes.)
LUCIE: Alone at last, eh? It's just you, all alone. You and this annoying voice in your head.
QUEEN: Shut up.
LUCIE: I thought you were gonna have a rest? You've been working ever so hard keeping me shut away in a little corner of my brain, out of harm's way. You're a nasty bunch, aren't you.
QUEEN: We aren't interested in your opinion of us.
LUCIE: Look at you. You can't show a hint of weakness, or one of your little minions will bring you down. That's why you're hiding in here. You're hoping you can get rid of me quietly, before anyone notices you're going schizoid. Well, I'm not going to go without a fight.
QUEEN: (laughs) You think your mental powers are a match for mine?
LUCIE: Not necessarily, no. But you've got a lot on your plate right now, haven't you. You're trying to prepare yourself for something big. You're not working at full capacity.
QUEEN: I can still crush you.
LUCIE: But can you do it in time?

(Hubbub of voices.)
KAREN: What are these people doing?
MAN: The end of the world, love. Thought we'd have some fun.
MAN 2: Yeah, you up for a bit of fun?
KAREN: Deal with them.
ROB: With pleasure.
(Energy weapon. The men scream.)
KAREN: Let's not waste any more time.

(Dialling. Ringing tone.)
DOCTOR [OC]: Hello?
SANGAKKARA: Doctor, I've found it, the control point.
DOCTOR [OC]: Excellent! Where?
SANGAKKARA: The old Olympic village.
DOCTOR [OC]: Can you email the exact location to Kelly?
SANGAKKARA: Yes, of course. Is there anything else I can do?
DOCTOR [OC]: Just keep watching that thing, I suppose. I'll be with Kelly. Contact her if you see any significant changes. But thank you, Avishka.
SANGAKKARA: Oh, you're welcome.
DOCTOR [OC]: I mean really thank you. You may have just saved, well, everything.
(Call ends.)
SANGAKKARA: Everything? Oh. Well, that's nice, then.

(Door opens.)
WOMAN: (weary) What are you doing here?
KAREN: We're taking over the operation. The Queen is unfit to carry it out.
ROB: We want the controller for the Stellar Manipulator.
KAREN: And we know it's here. Don't challenge us, you know we're stronger.
WOMAN: We are loyal to the Queen.
KAREN: How stupid of you.
(Energy weapon. The possessed woman cries out.)
KAREN: Anybody else going to argue?

LUCIE: The thing that's bugging me though
QUEEN: Shut up!
LUCIE: I'm trapped in yer head. Who else am I going to talk to? The thing that's bugging me is why you chose *me* to take over. I'm not exactly the obvious candidate, am I. Swiping me was always going to attract the Doctor's attention.
QUEEN: We have dealt with the Doctor.
LUCIE: Sure. Whatever. But why not use someone who's been in the programme for like ten years? Someone whose personality has been totally dissolved in all this rubbish, rather than me who'd only been here a day when you jumped on me back.
QUEEN: Do you really expect me to tell you?
LUCIE: Maybe not, but I thought I might rummage around and see what I can find. That's the problem with having me locked up in here. I can learn all your little tricks too. You've got ways of protecting yourself from psychic attacks. When you see them from the inside, they're not actually that difficult, are they?
QUEEN: Stop that.
LUCIE: Make me.

KELLY: Have we got an exact location?
DOCTOR: That apartment block there.
GOODMAN: We've been using these buildings as residential overspill. Lucie sent a couple of our long-standing members out here, but she wouldn't explain why.
DOCTOR: Those members are probably playing host to spiders by now. Protecting their controller would be paramount at this stage.
KELLY: I imagine they won't take kindly to us trying to get it off them.
DOCTOR: I imagine you're right, but I think our plan of action will work.
GOODMAN: I can't help but feel that the plan as it stands leaves me a bit exposed.
DOCTOR: True, but that's why I brought these. Take one each. Take great care not to drop them.
GOODMAN: What are they?
DOCTOR: Stones from the planet where the spiders come from. I've only got a few. I kept some in the Tardis as they were so useful.
KELLY: What's so special about them?
DOCTOR: The opposite of the blue crystals, dull, shapeless and nondescript, but they're very effective in deflecting the spider's attacks. I used them when I encountered the spiders before, so I can personally guarantee their effectiveness.
KELLY: So they're the natural opposite to the crystals?
DOCTOR: Exactly. A kind of yin and yang thing. Hold them out in front of you and they'll dissipate the energy.
GOODMAN: Shall we go, then?
DOCTOR: Don't forget, Mister Goodman, that this isn't about you getting revenge. We've got bigger things to think about.
GOODMAN: Revenge is the main reason I'm helping, Doctor. Take it or leave it.
KELLY: The more he talks, the less I want to work with him, so we should probably just get on with it.
(Energy blast.)
DOCTOR: Take cover!
KELLY: Are we safe behind here? If they can blow the roof off a car, I'm thinking an ornamental wall won't
(Another blast.)
GOODMAN: They're expecting us.

DOCTOR: They're expecting somebody, not necessarily us. Let's stick to the plan. I think it may well work.
KELLY: Not that we've got much else.
GOODMAN: All right. The easiest entrance for you looks like that way.
DOCTOR: Agreed. Go to it, Mister Goodman.

(Goodman and the spider possessed pair are shouting at each other from a short distance.)
KAREN: How many of them are there?
ROB: Just one. He's coming towards us.
GOODMAN: It's Clark Goodman. I just want to talk to you.
ROB: What should we do?
KAREN: He might be useful. We could use him to disrupt the Queen's authority.
ROB: The Queen cast you out, didn't she?
GOODMAN: Yes, but
KAREN: We're taking over her plan. If you want to help us, you can be part of our victory. Come inside.

DOCTOR: Come on, let's move.
KELLY: Can we trust him? What if he tries to make a deal with them?
DOCTOR: Maybe he will. It's an occupational hazard. But as long as it causes a diversion, it'll do the job.
KELLY: What's that thing?
DOCTOR: Sonic screwdriver. It's more effective than carrying around a bunch of skeleton keys and it doesn't cause an unsightly bulge in my jacket pocket.
(Door unlocked.)
DOCTOR: Right, now according to these readings (door closed) the control device should be on the
(Whee Boom!)
DOCTOR: They were expecting us.
MAN Surrender or you will be killed. None of your weapons will work against us.
DOCTOR: Well, there's a coincidence. Your weapons won't work against us, either.
MAN: We're not impressed by your false bravado.
DOCTOR: Suit yourself. Kelly, hold up your stone and rush them. The faster we go, the better.
KELLY: Now?
DOCTOR: May as well.
WOMAN: Destroy them!
(Energy weapon.)
KELLY: It's working! The stones are working!
DOCTOR: Go, Kelly. Rush at them.
MAN: Continuous fire!
(Kelly screams yah! then coughs.)
DOCTOR: Up the stairs.
KELLY: Not so good at fighting hand to hand, are they.
DOCTOR: Just as well. It's not exactly my forte either. Why did you shout Yah! when you were charging at them?
KELLY: It just seemed the thing to do.
DOCTOR: Please don't do it again, it's very off-putting.

(Door opens. Lucie has a spider voice, but her own inflections.)
LUCIE: I told you to leave me in peace.
HEADHUNTER: You'll want to know this. A couple of people are making a grab for the controller, apparently.
LUCIE: It doesn't matter. Leave me alone.
HEADHUNTER: One of them is the Doctor.
LUCIE: He's alive?
HEADHUNTER: Apparently.
LUCIE: It doesn't matter. He doesn't have time. Now leave me alone!
HEADHUNTER: But the point of arrival is due in less than fifteen minutes
LUCIE: Is that all?
HEADHUNTER: Yes. They're expecting to see you down there. Your followers around the world

are expecting it.
LUCIE: Play them the recording we made. I can't put on a show for them and do the real work.
HEADHUNTER: All right. I appreciate this is a stressful time for you.
LUCIE: Send the boy, David, up.
HEADHUNTER: All right.
(Door closes.)
LUCIE: Ooo, took a lot out of you, didn't it, holding me at bay for a few moments.
QUEEN: Not long now.
LUCIE: You must be gearing up for something massive. The Headhunter mentioned a control. The Stellar Manipulator? How did you get control of that, then?
QUEEN: You're too late. (chuckles) Too late.

GOODMAN: This little thing controls the entire sun?
KAREN: I know it's massive, but the Manipulator isn't complex. This is all it needs.
ROB: Just to be clear. If you even look as if you might be trying to touch it, we'll kill you.
GOODMAN: I took that as read, but thanks. So why are you trying to hijack the Queen's plan?
KAREN: She's an old fool. She thinks it's better that we should hid behind these humans forever, manipulating the cosmos unseen. But what's the point of such power if we have to skulk around in the shadows?
GOODMAN: What power?
ROB: We shall have the devotion of every being we can reach.
GOODMAN: What do you mean?
(Weapons fire, thud.)
KAREN: What's that?

KELLY: I'll hold them off out here, Doctor. You do what you have to do.
DOCTOR: Thanks. Stand back from oh. Hello, Karen.
(Energy weapon fire continues behind dialogue.)
KAREN: Doctor.
DOCTOR: You don't quite sound yourself.
ROB: He's deflecting our attacks.
KAREN: He's using the stones of Metebelis. Focus your attacks and the stone will break.
DOCTOR: Look, Karen, look. A blue crystal. Look deep into it.
KAREN: You're attempting to use one of our own crystals against us?
DOCTOR: Why not?
KAREN: Futile.
DOCTOR: It can work for anybody, if they know what to do with it. I'm using it to give you the strength to fight this thing off. Come on, I know you can do it.
KAREN: Don't be (normal voice) Ah! Doctor?
DOCTOR: There she is. Come on now, fight it, both of you.
ROB: Stop this!
DOCTOR: What's his name?
GOODMAN: Rob. Come on, Rob. Come back.
KAREN: (spider) Doctor, if we don't win, the Queen will. I can make you an offer (normal) Doctor, help me.
DOCTOR: Cast that thing off, Karen. You can do it.
(Karen screams and something large hits the floor.)
KAREN: Has it gone?
GOODMAN: No, it's fallen off your back, but it's still behind you.
DOCTOR: Get away from it.
KAREN: I was hardly going to pick it up and give it a cuddle.
(Faint whoosh.)
GOODMAN: Where did it go?
DOCTOR: Away. Now for the other one. Rob.
ROB: You won't find me so easy.
DOCTOR: You're right, this is harder. Goodman, Karen, help me. Just concentrate on Rob and bringing him back.
ROB: Don't be, no, no! (normal) Help me! Oh God, please help me!
DOCTOR: That's it. Just a little more.
(Rob cries out and the spider falls off.)

DOCTOR: Yes! Now, come on. Come, come, come to us. Get away from that thing.
(Whoosh.)
GOODMAN: Where do the spiders go when they do that? It seems as if they just vanish.
DOCTOR: Back to their own planet. They can move on the astral plane, but they need a host when they get to the other end. She was weakened by the effort of trying to hang on, didn't have the energy to get to a new host.
ROB: I think I need to sit down. Excuse me.
KAREN: Poor bloke. He really believed in it all. This is going to be pretty hard on him. But thanks for saving us and all that.
DOCTOR: It's no trouble. I'm guessing the Headhunter's mixed up in this somehow?
KAREN: Good guess.
GOODMAN: Hundreds of people have been taken over by these things. You have to set them free, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Can't do them one at a time, there are more pressing matters. Let's take a look at this control.
KAREN: It's the control for a Stellar Manipulator.
DOCTOR: Thank you, I know what it is. You were never really in with Goodman's life course, were you.
KAREN: No. I knew about the spiders and their shenanigans from day one.
GOODMAN: What?
KAREN: Yes, sorry. I was never really brainwashed. That's why I always used to find excuses when you tried to invite me up for your, er, one to one sessions? Not that I blame you for trying it on.
DOCTOR: Let me guess. Playing host to a giant spider wasn't part of the plan.
KAREN: Not as I understood it, no.
DOCTOR: Gosh, evil aliens in lying to human allies shocker.
KAREN: It's not just the spiders who lied.
DOCTOR: Oh yes, your boss. I presume the Headhunter's right at the centre of all this.
KAREN: Yeah, pretty much. A while back we did what *seemed* like a harmless potholing job in Yorkshire, dropping off some crystals.
DOCTOR: Harmless? The Headhunter? Haven't you wised up to her yet?
KAREN: I have now. I'm not putting up with this, however good the pension scheme is.
DOCTOR: Shh. Sounds like it's gone quiet out there, Kelly?
KELLY: The spiders have backed off. What do you think that means?
DOCTOR: Probably that they're planning something else.
KELLY: How are you getting on?
DOCTOR: I just need to crack the isomorphic control on this thing and we're away.
KAREN: Is that what you're trying to do? Well, there's no point
GOODMAN: Doctor? Listen to this. It's on the radio, all channels.
QUEEN [OC]: Be calm. Your survival is assured.
KAREN: Don't listen to me, then.
DOCTOR: Right. That's bad.
QUEEN [OC]: Think of the new world

QUEEN [OC]: That is to come, and what we can make of it together. Begin the new world with positive thoughts.
(Knock on door.)
QUEEN [OC]: To those who have elected not to join us, I bid farewell. I'm sorry we won't be seeing you on the other side.
QUEEN: (sotto) Come in.
(Door opens.)
DAVID: You wanted to see me?
QUEEN: Yes, David. The moment is at hand.
LUCIE: I'd get out of here if I were you, mate.
DAVID: What?
QUEEN: Please, ignore my erratic behaviour. It's the momentousness of the occasion. Please, sit by my side. Put down the crystal.
DAVID: But I need it.
QUEEN: No, you don't. I will protect you.

LUCIE: That's it! I've got it!
DAVID: What?

DOCTOR: Got it.
GOODMAN: What?
DOCTOR: That's the isomorphic control broken.
GOODMAN: Iso?
DOCTOR: It means that only one person can use this control, the person it's keyed to. Hellishly difficult to break, but fortunately I've got a bit of experience with
GOODMAN: What's the matter?
DOCTOR: Come on, stupid. What? It's not working. It's not doing anything. The Manipulator's not responding. Control has been passed to something else. This is just a dummy now.
KAREN: Yeah, that's what I was trying to tell you.
DOCTOR: So what's controlling it?
QUEEN [OC]: The Rebel Sun will make its judgement in twenty seconds.

QUEEN [OC]: Nineteen, eighteen
LUCIE: You hacked the control for the Manipulator.
DAVID: What? No, I didn't.
LUCIE: Shut up, not talking to you. You hacked it and keyed it to my DNA, so the Manipulator would home in on me. Oh, I'm really going to swing for that pigging Headhunter. She gave you a DNA sample she must have took from me. So that's why the Manipulator's been getting closer to Earth. Then you take over and control it through me. But that means
QUEEN [OC]: Eleven
LUCIE: Right now *I'm* in control.
DAVID: You don't look it.
QUEEN: I'm afraid not. There's a password. Now you don't have time to get it out of me.
LUCIE: No.
QUEEN [OC]: Eight.
LUCIE: No, this can't be. This can't be it. You can't do this. You can't!
QUEEN: Sorry, Lucie. You fought well.
QUEEN [OC]: Five.
QUEEN: But this is the end.
LUCIE: No!
QUEEN [OC]: Four.
LUCIE: No! Noooo!
DAVID: Lucie! Are you all right?
QUEEN: I am now.
QUEEN [OC]: One, zero. (tone.)
(Distant massive explosion, then people start panicking.)

DOCTOR: We're too late, it's activated.
GOODMAN: What's it doing?
DOCTOR: Its energy is flowing out, but where to?
KAREN: Doctor! Something's happened to Rob.
DOCTOR: He's gone into some kind of trance. Look, he's holding one of the crystals.
GOODMAN: It's glowing, getting brighter.
DOCTOR: What's he saying?
ROB: All praise to the Great One. All praise to the Great One. (continues under dialogue)
KELLY: I can hear it coming from down the corridor.
DOCTOR: You're right. And it's outside, too. Listen.
KAREN: Everyone's doing it. Everyone with a crystal.
KELLY: I'm going to see what's happening out there.
DOCTOR: Be careful.
GOODMAN: But if it's everyone with a crystal, that's hundreds of millions of people across the world!
DOCTOR: A hive mind. The spiders are focusing the energy through the crystals to create the most powerful hive mind in the universe. That noise. A psychic pulse. They're sending out a psychic pulse!

KAREN: What can we do?
DOCTOR: Nothing.

DAVID: Is it happening, Lucie?
QUEEN: It is. It's possibly not what you expect, but it's happening. And it's just me now. I am the new Great One! And Lucie is dead.

[Part Two]

DAVID: What's that noise?
QUEEN: The sound of the new Truth. It will unite thousands of planets in creating it.
DAVID: Yes, but it's starting to hurt.
QUEEN: Don't fight it. Let it take you.
DAVID: I, I, oh.

(Echoing space.)
LUCIE: Hello? Where am I? What happened to the Queen? Are you doing this? Is there anybody else here at all? Hello, what's that? (runs) Some kind of little spaceship. Not big enough to fit anyone, unless it's tiny aliens. Hello. Union Jack. Made in Britain.

DOCTOR: Goodman? Karen, are you all right?
GOODMAN: What happened?
DOCTOR: We passed out. The effects of the psychic pulse.
KAREN: Wow, that was amazing.
DOCTOR: What was?
GOODMAN: You had the vision too?
KAREN: Yeah. Like a light going on in my head.
GOODMAN: It's as if everything suddenly makes sense.
DOCTOR: Vision? Light? What have the spiders done to you both?
KAREN: The Eightlegs don't accept that name.
DOCTOR: What have they made you believe?

QUEEN: David. Come on, David, wake up.
DAVID: What? Oh, wow.
QUEEN: How do you feel?
DAVID: It's the Eightlegs, isn't it. They're everything to us.
QUEEN: Yes, everything.
DAVID: And you're the greatest of all of them, aren't you.
QUEEN: I am.
DAVID: Can I see you in your true form?
QUEEN: One day, perhaps.

GOODMAN: They've opened my eyes.
KAREN: Mine too. All they want is our happiness. And in return, all they ask for is our loyalty.
DOCTOR: No. No, no, no, no. Wake up. Wake up. You've been brainwashed. The psychic pulse has seeded this belief in your minds. You have to fight it.
KAREN: I pity him.
GOODMAN: His is an empty life, and he can't expect salvation if he talks like this.
KAREN: It's our duty to put him out of his misery.
GOODMAN: Sadly, I've got to agree with you.
DOCTOR: Wait. Before you kill me, er, look into the crystal.
GOODMAN: It's some sort of trick.
DOCTOR: Not at all. Think about the Eightlegs. Examine what you think of them. Where did these thoughts come from?
KAREN: Er, I
DOCTOR: They've rooted these ideas deep in your consciousness, but I can show you what your mind was like before they were there.
GOODMAN: Oh, my.
DOCTOR: You don't want them there, do you.

KAREN: No!
DOCTOR: Good, good, good, good, good. Let me take them out.
KAREN: Please.
DOCTOR: They're gone.
KAREN: Oh!
GOODMAN: Thank you.
KAREN: That was freaky. I really believed, like with every fibre of my being, that those spiders were gods.
DOCTOR: That was actually quite draining.
GOODMAN: How can they do that?
DOCTOR: The spiders are focussing their collective psychic powers on a single idea. Their hundreds of millions of new recruits are receiving that idea and absorbing energy from the Stellar Manipulator through the blue crystals to boost their power as a hive mind. They can pound an idea into your consciousness in the blink of an eye.
GOODMAN: Why don't the spiders just absorb the energy from the Stellar Manipulator themselves?
DOCTOR: They know they can't handle it. When I encountered the spiders before, the largest and most powerful of them, she called herself the Great One, had assembled a perfect network of crystals to amplify her mental powers to infinity. Tried to make everyone in the universe think her thoughts. Fortunately, it burnt out her brain. Unfortunately, that's what'll happen to the humans in the hive mind unless we can stop it.
GOODMAN: But what for? What do they want? And why?
DOCTOR: Why does anyone want supreme power? Inferiority complex, I imagine. Clearly they think there's something wrong with being a spider, which is a pity, I'm rather fond of spiders actually. But they want power for its own sake, which makes them tricky to reason with. Come on, let's get out of here.
KAREN: Shouldn't we de-programme anyone else first?
GOODMAN: Yes, what about Kelly?
DOCTOR: I don't have the mental energy, I'm afraid. Just bringing you two back to your senses has left me pretty exhausted. I need time to recharge. And besides, I can't just go around individually rescuing everybody. We need a large scale solution. Come on.

LUCIE [OC]: Hello? Hello? Anyone listening?
SANGAKKARA: What? But aren't you Lucie Miller from the Eightfold Truth?
LUCIE [OC]: Yeah, yeah, forget about that. Is this your space probe I've got here?
SANGAKKARA: Er, yes. You're appearing on a monitor showing direct feed from its robot camera. It must be our probe. We lost track of it some time ago. But where are you?
LUCIE [OC} Er, nowhere. It's all white and nothing. It's exactly what you'd expect nowhere to look like, basically.
SANGAKKARA: Wait a minute, let me see. I can change the angle of the camera. Good Lord.
LUCIE [OC]: What?
SANGAKKARA: Glory to the Eightlegs for giving us a glimpse of heaven.
LUCIE [OC]: Oh, great.

DOCTOR: The spiders will be focussing on maintaining the pulse, so they won't go looking for confrontations, but if we confront them, they may draw on the power of the Stellar Manipulator to boost their energy attacks, and then the stones will probably be about as much use as a cardboard shield against a bazooka.
KAREN: Well, let's get out of here, then. Have you got a car?
DOCTOR: Yes, Kelly's, over there.
KAREN: That thing?
DOCTOR: It's minus a roof, I grant you, but apart from that. Goodman, can you drive? I need to rest.
GOODMAN: I suppose we can climb in, but have you got the key to start it?
DOCTOR: Don't need one. Sonic screwdriver.
KELLY: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Kelly!
KELLY: I've been given a mission by the Eightlegs, a purpose.
DOCTOR: That's nice.
KELLY: Yes.

DOCTOR: Let's go, come on.
KELLY: To destroy you.
DOCTOR: Look out!
(Gunfire.)
KAREN: Er, feeling a bit exposed here.
DOCTOR: Excuse me.
(Sonic screwdriver.)
KAREN: Where did she get the gun from, anyway?
GOODMAN: There's a small stockpile in there in case of riots.
KAREN: Oh, just as well she's not ah!
DOCTOR: It's just a headlight. We're okay. Drive!
GOODMAN: I can't see. The windscreen's shattered.
(Thud! Tyres squeal.)
KAREN: Oh, my God.
DOCTOR: Is everyone all right?
(Handbrake on.)
GOODMAN: She must have run out in front of the car. I don't know, I couldn't see anything.
(Car doors open.)
KAREN: How is she?
KELLY: Doctor, I
DOCTOR: Kelly, don't try to speak. It's all right. It's all right.
KELLY: There's something, something happening.
DOCTOR: She's dead.
GOODMAN: She just ran out. Anyway, she was trying to kill us.
DOCTOR: It wasn't her fault. What did she mean, something happening?
GOODMAN: It wasn't my fault either.
KAREN: Is it just me, or is she glowing?
DOCTOR: Yes, you're right, Karen. I think this could be the something.
(Build up of energy.)
GOODMAN: What is it?
DOCTOR: I don't
(Small implosion.)
GOODMAN: It's gone.
DOCTOR: The light's gone, but poor Kelly's still here.
KAREN: It looked like it went up towards the
DOCTOR: The heart of the Rebel Sun, yes. Interesting. Come on, we need to get a move on.
GOODMAN: Are we just going to leave her lying here in the car park?
DOCTOR: We'll come back. Given your part in all this, it's a little late to be worrying about the niceties.
(Car doors close, drives off.)

HEADHUNTER: Oh, are you busy with your little pet? I can come back later, if you like.
QUEEN: No, no, not at all. David, run along.
DAVID: Can I come back later?
QUEEN: Possibly, yes. If I have time.
(Door closes.)
QUEEN: I wanted to be worshipped, not fawned over. There's a subtle difference.
HEADHUNTER: Well then, tell him to ease off or he won't get to go to Eightlegs heaven.
QUEEN: Is everything going to plan?
HEADHUNTER: The psychic pulse is spreading out at approximately one hundred and seventy thousand times the speed of light. At the current rate, we can expect to cover at least fifty light years before burn out, and the pulse will continue to spread after that point.
QUEEN: Excellent. Monitor the hive mind. I need to use it again just before it reaches the point of burn out.
HEADHUNTER: You're still going ahead with that aspect of the plan?
QUEEN: Of course. The attempt to seize control of the Manipulator has only convinced me further that my own people sadly cannot be trusted.

GOODMAN: Where am I driving to, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Kelly's house, to pick up the Tardis, then the tracking station. I want to know what

that light around Kelly was.
GOODMAN: Right.
DOCTOR: Karen, how much do you know about the Headhunter's deal with the spiders? Why did they make Lucie the control for the Stellar Manipulator?
KAREN: They needed to bring the Stellar Manipulator halfway across the universe. Do you realise how long that would have taken?
DOCTOR: I've got a pretty good idea. A long time.
KAREN: If they tried to transmat it across or something, that would have taken even more power than they had.
DOCTOR: And if they had that kind of power, they wouldn't have needed the Manipulator.
KAREN: The Headhunter told me she palmed that Manipulator control, said you thought she'd chucked it in the sea somewhere.
DOCTOR: Yes. Somewhere.
KAREN: She'd taken a sample of Lucie's DNA off her when they were in the Tardis together.
DOCTOR: So she programmed the Manipulator to follow Lucie, and the Manipulator got caught in the Tardis's time wake. That's brilliant! To think it's been following Lucie and me and the Tardis through the Vortex ever since Orbis.
KAREN: It took a while to catch up, but we got there in the end.
DOCTOR: Wait a minute. Drive in here.
GOODMAN: Where are we going, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I need refuelling, something to eat. What do you know about the spider's plan, Karen?
KAREN: I thought we were just delivering up the members of the Truth. I wouldn't have got involved if I'd known they were going to zombify the whole planet.
DOCTOR: So there's somewhere you draw the line, then. The plan you thought you were carrying out wasn't exactly sweetness and light either. The Headhunter is simply amoral. As long as you're working for her, you can get involved in anything.
DRIVE-IN: Can I take your order, please?
GOODMAN: What do you want?
DOCTOR: Three large cheeseburger meals with cola, please.
KAREN: Diet for me.
DRIVE-IN: Thank you.
KAREN: Look, I thought we were just recruiting followers for the spiders. I figured anybody who was enough of an idiot to go along with it deserved everything they got.
DOCTOR: Karen, you know I really do think you've spent too much time with the Headhunter.
KAREN: Anyway, is it really as bad as you're making out? Everyone just seems to be getting on with their lives at the moment.
DRIVE-IN: That's three large cheeseburger meals.
GOODMAN: Thank you.
DRIVE-IN: All praise to the Great One.
KAREN: Okay, point taken.
DRIVE-IN: Hang on, aren't you a sworn enemy of the Eightlegs?
DOCTOR: Drive, please, Mister Goodman!

KELLY: Hello? Hello? Where am I?
(Running feet approach.)
LUCIE: Hi! Oh, I recognise you. You're that journalist woman, Kelly Woodhouse.
KELLY: Westwood.
LUCIE: Yeah, that's you. How did you get here?
KELLY: I don't know. I got hit by a car, and the next thing I knew. Oh, of course.
LUCIE: What?
KELLY: This is heaven. The Eightlegs have rewarded by loyalty.
LUCIE: Oh, will people stop saying stuff like that. I mean, I admit the whole white voidiness of it all does give it a sort of afterlife vibe, but the spiders
KELLY: Please! Don't say that word. Not here, of all places.
LUCIE: Spiders, spiders, spiders! They're not in charge of who goes to heaven or not.
ALIEN: Strange, beautiful light.
LUCIE: Hello, mate. You're not local, are you. How did you get here?
ALIEN: My devotion to the Eightlegs brought me.
LUCIE: Oh, not you as well.

(The Tardis materialises. Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Avishka, please tell me you've somehow miraculously escaped the influence of
SANGAKKARA: You! You're a sworn enemy of the Eightlegs.
KAREN: No such luck.
DOCTOR: Right. Here, look into the crystal.
GOODMAN: We should check for any others.
KAREN: Yeah.
SANGAKKARA: What, what are you
DOCTOR: Come on, Avishka. This should be easy with you. Let's bring that silly little idea out of the shadows
(Sangakkara cries out in pain.)
DOCTOR: And into the light, where it should just
SANGAKKARA: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Crumble into dust. How are you feeling?
SANGAKKARA: Normal, thank you.
DOCTOR: Don't mention it. Instead, mention whether you've been picking up any unusual emissions heading to the Stellar Manipulator.
SANGAKKARA: No. But we might be able to pick it up with the probe. It suddenly re-established contact.
DOCTOR: Show me.

(Laughter in background.)
LUCIE: Look at that! There's a Trell over there. That planet must be miles away.
KELLY: The Truth is spreading far and wide.
LUCIE: And way too fast for my liking.
KELLY: If you aren't going to open your eyes to the Truth, I'll have to talk to the others about what we're going to do with you.
LUCIE: Great. I have got to get out of here. Hello, what's that? The probe!
(Running.)

(Typing on keyboard.)
DOCTOR: So what happened when it activated before?
SANGAKKARA: There was a message on the screen. For some reason I thought it was from heaven.
KAREN: There's nobody else around.
SANGAKKARA: No, I was the only one in the station. What are *you* doing here?
GOODMAN: Helping.
DOCTOR: Ironically, he's now one of the only people who *doesn't* believe the spiders are gods.
SANGAKKARA: I remember. I talked to somebody via the probe's communicator.
DOCTOR: Really? Who?
LUCIE [OC]: Hello! Doctor?
DOCTOR: Lucie?

LUCIE: Hiya, How's it going?
DOCTOR [OC]: Your mind's not being controlled by the spiders?
LUCIE: Nope. I was possessed by the Queen for ages, though. I seem to be all right now. You never get mind-controlled or any of that stuff. It's not fair.
DOCTOR [OC]: Lucie, where are you?
LUCIE: If you believe the people up here, spider heaven. If you worship the spiders, this is where you go. People keep popping up here all the time saying they died and came here.
DOCTOR [OC]: Yes. I see. The Queen's created a virtual space inside the Stellar Manipulator, where real and virtual constructs can interact. They've got something like it on Gallifrey. She's using its energy to maintain a connection to all her believers, wherever they are, creating a virtual form of them up there when they die.
LUCIE: More than that. I've just realised. This is the Queen's escape route, too.
DOCTOR [OC]: Escape?
LUCIE: Yeah. I got to see a lot of the Queen's plan while we were sharing a brain. She's afraid the other spiders are gonna overthrow her. If it all kicks off, she just sends her mind up here and scoots off. But when she was trying to banish me from my own body, thank you very much, I found it. A little emergency exit. Hmm. Clever me.

DOCTOR [OC]: I'm impressed. It's seems like you've been playing the Queen at her own game.
LUCIE: I have to admit, she was a bit distracted by putting her grand plan together. I can't find the way back now. Maybe the Queen closed it off? I dunno. I could do with it, because the others are taking a vote on whether to lynch me right now.
DOCTOR [OC]: That link between her and you is the vulnerable spot. We need to attack it. How much else do you know about her plan?
LUCIE: Well, the idea's to make everyone worship her. And I don't just mean everyone on Earth, you know.
DOCTOR [OC]: With the power of the Stellar Manipulator that's all too plausible, I'm afraid.
LUCIE: Oh, and she's gonna make the other spiders worship her too. That's the really secret bit. She needs them for now to help her generate the pulse, but then she's gonna turn the hive mind against them. That'll be when she's most distracted. If you're going to try anything, that might be the moment.
DOCTOR [OC]: We need you. With what you've learned, I think you're our best weapon against the Queen.
LUCIE: Well, I'm stuck up here right now. Listen, Doctor, everyone else here says they died. Does that mean? Well, does that mean I'm, well, you know, dead?
DOCTOR [OC]: Er, hang on. I'll be back in a jiffy.
LUCIE: No, no, no. Oh, great.

SANGAKKARA: Doctor, what are you doing in there? Can I help?
DOCTOR [OC]: I think that's the right adapter plug.
KAREN: You're not thinking of leaving, are you?
DOCTOR [OC]: No.
(Comes out of the Tardis.)
DOCTOR: And yes. Avishka, you can help. Plug this lead in over there.
SANGAKKARA: What are we going to do?
DOCTOR: We are effectively going to download Lucie into the Tardis.
SANGAKKARA: What!
DOCTOR: The Queen has stolen her body. She only exists as data inside the Stellar Manipulator. That means we can
KAREN: Beam her down!
DOCTOR: Well, it's a bit of a crude way of putting it, but yes. The Tardis's systems are more than sophisticated enough to contain a living consciousness. Lucie, did you hear all that?
LUCIE [OC}: Yeah.
(Working the keyboard.)
DOCTOR: Do you like the sound of it?
LUCIE [OC]: No. But does it mean I'm not dead?
DOCTOR: Pretty much.
LUCIE [OC]: Pretty much? What's that supposed to mean?
DOCTOR: I'm sending a programme up to the probe which will seek out living data such as yourself and send it down here. Is there anybody else near you?
LUCIE [OC]: Not right now, no.
DOCTOR: I'll set the range to just a few metres, then. I'm afraid that given the limits of the available technology, there's no way I can be more precise.
LUCIE [OC]: It doesn't help when you say things like that. Just do it.
DOCTOR: I'm not quite ready. It'll be a couple of minutes.

KELLY: Lucie, I'm sorry. We've talked it through and you can't stay.
LUCIE: Er, is it too late to repent?
KELLY: We would have to be *sure* that you were sincere.
LUCIE: Right. (sotto) I won't be forgiven. Come on, hurry it up.
DOCTOR [OC]: Just a second. Okay, ready?
LUCIE: Extremely ready.
DOCTOR [OC]: Switching on now.
(Small whoosh.)
KELLY: Where did she go?

SANGAKKARA: Did it work?
DOCTOR: Let's see. Fingers crossed. I'll see what happened in the Tardis.

DOCTOR: Hello, Lucie? Are you there?
LUCIE [OC]: Er, yeah. I think this is me.
DOCTOR: Ah ha! Excellent.
KAREN: Is she all right?
LUCIE [OC]: I'm dandy, no thanks to you. Now what?
DOCTOR: Well, we've come this far. I think we might as well save the world, don't you? And Karen?
KAREN: Yeah?
DOCTOR: You can help.
KAREN: Sure. How?

(Chant of 'All Praise to the Great One' in background. Phone rings.)
DOCTOR [OC]: Hello, Karen?
KAREN: Yeah, it's me. We're at the Centre of Balance, the good old BBC.
DOCTOR [OC]: Good. My device is nearly finished. Next time I call again, let it ring once.
KAREN: Okay.
(Call ends.)
KAREN: So, what do we do if they just kill us, you know, on sight?
GOODMAN: I should imagine we won't do anything.
KAREN: I feel like we're being a bit set up here.
GOODMAN: Possibly, but we helped to create this world, and I for one don't want to live in it.
KAREN: Fair point. Come on then.
(Door opens.)
SPIDER: Why have you returned, Goodman?
KAREN: Er, and me. I've returned too.
GOODMAN: I've come to inform you of a plot that threatens you all.

(Lucie is giggling.)
DOCTOR: What are you laughing at?
LUCIE [OC]: Nothing, just something the Tardis is thinking about you.
DOCTOR: Be careful you don't mess up her telepathic circuits.
LUCIE [OC]: Was that the signal just now?
DOCTOR: No, that was Karen telling me they'd arrived.
LUCIE [OC]: Oh. I'm fed up waiting.
DOCTOR: Won't be long now. The Queen's bound to make her move soon.
SANGAKKARA: Doctor, I. Oh, I see you didn't exaggerate about the dimension of this er
DOCTOR: What is it, Avishka?
SANGAKKARA: Er, yes. I've just been watching television. It's bizarre. It's all still running, but there's this constant undercurrent of the spiders. Obviously everyone believes it. The greatest thinkers and artists in the world must be devoting their lives and work to the spiders.
DOCTOR: For some of them that may be an improvement. But on balance I think they'd be better off with free will.

SPIDER: How do you know this?
GOODMAN: It doesn't matter how we know.
SPIDER: We all have control of the hive mind. She cannot wrest it for herself.
KAREN: She designed the blooming thing. How do you know she doesn't have a secret way of grabbing control?
GOODMAN: And if you take past form into account, do you really think she's above doing exactly that?
SPIDER: What interest do you have in helping us?
GOODMAN: We thought we might be able to er, cut a deal with you.
KAREN: Or something.
SPIDER: Perhaps. We will confront the Queen with this accusation.
QUEEN: What accusation?
SPIDER: Goodman.
KAREN: Go on, then.
GOODMAN: (slowly) I have been informed of a plot. The Queen is planning to turn the hive mind against you, force you to be loyal to her.
SPIDER: What is your response to this?

QUEEN: My response?
GOODMAN: She knows it's true. She knows. She can't deny
(Energy weapon. Goodman screams.)
KAREN: Goodman!
QUEEN: I think that summarised it adequately. Now, apologise, please.
SPIDER: Apologise?
QUEEN: Yes. You gave this accusation credence. I'm insulted.
SPIDER: No, I merely meant
QUEEN: You merely meant to undermine my authority, to sow seeds of doubt in the minds of my loyal followers. Perhaps you put Goodman up to this in the first place? Perhaps I should turn the hive mind against you.
SPIDER: Queen
QUEEN: I should turn the hive mind against you all!
KAREN: Okay, not good.

(Phone rings once.)
SANGAKKARA: Doctor, that's the signal from Karen.
DOCTOR: We're ready.
SANGAKKARA: Good luck, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Thank you. If we don't come back
SANGAKKARA: No, no doubts, Doctor. Bon voyage.
DOCTOR: (something in Hindi?) Lucie, it's time.
LUCIE [OC]: Let's roll.
(The Tardis dematerialises.)

SPIDER: Please, Queen, we have no thoughts of betraying you.
QUEEN: Even if you did, you wouldn't tell. Sharing power is not in our nature. Only one can rule, and I intend to rule forever.
DAVID: What's happening, Karen?
KAREN: David, get out of here.
DAVID: Is the Great One in trouble?
KAREN: Your gods are fighting amongst themselves.
HEADHUNTER: I know. Pathetic really, aren't they?
KAREN: Oh, it's you. You knew their plan all along, didn't you? Why did you take the job?
HEADHUNTER: Oh, immunity from being co-opted into their new religion, plus more than enough mineral wealth to set up business in a galaxy very far away from all this. You can keep your old job if you like. It'll be a miserable life here for a non-believer.
KAREN: After you let one of those things use my brain as a squat? No thanks.
HEADHUNTER: Please yourself, but I confess I shall miss you, Karen. You always made me feel so superior.
(The Tardis materialises.)
KAREN: Ah ha! Now this is going to get interesting.
HEADHUNTER: What's this?
QUEEN: Doctor. I heard you weren't dead after all. Come out and face me then.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Oh, all right.
QUEEN: What's that, a weapon?
DOCTOR: Sort of. It's certainly offensive, to you, anyway.
(Energy discharge. The Queen gasps.)
LUCIE: And I'm back.
DOCTOR: One of your blue crystals rigged up to the Tardis databanks, with a directional control fitted, sends data directly into the subject's brain. I think I'll call it the Psychic Implanter.
LUCIE: I thought we were going to call it the Brain Gun.
DOCTOR: I don't use guns.
QUEEN: No, no, I must keep control!
LUCIE: No, you don't. You've definitely overreached yourself this time.
QUEEN: No, you can't. You can't!
LUCIE: Get off my back!
(Thud.)
QUEEN: I'm not finished yet.

HEADHUNTER: Don't look at me.
QUEEN: A new host.
HEADHUNTER: No! No!
QUEEN: Yes, I am still here. I am still here.
DOCTOR: All right, you're still here, but what can you do? We've cut off your links to the Manipulator and the hive mind. Your whole web is falling apart.
QUEEN: I have trillions of followers from all over the universe. I will bring you under my control and you will do my bidding. I will find you very useful indeed, Doctor. No. No. What is wrong? I
HEADHUNTER: Queen, I warned you what would happen if you tried anything like this.
QUEEN: What, what are you doing? What
HEADHUNTER: There.
LUCIE: What did you do?
HEADHUNTER: I couldn't throw her off, but I could shut her in. She's totally sealed in a dormant part of my mind.
DOCTOR: But she'll break out. She's too powerful for you.
HEADHUNTER: You never know, I might argh!
DOCTOR: If you keep on resisting, she'll rip your mind to pieces.
HEADHUNTER: I'm open to suggestions.
DOCTOR: Don't resist. We'll have to think of something else. There's no sense in your being killed too.
HEADHUNTER: Thank you for your concern, but I think I have a better idea. All praise to the Great One. All praise to the Great One. (continues.)
LUCIE: What's she doing?
DOCTOR: I think she's reflecting the Queen's own message back on herself. That's an inspired solution.
HEADHUNTER: Thank you. All praise to the Great One.
QUEEN: All praise to the Great One. All praise to the Great One.
DOCTOR: She's done it. Amazing.
LUCIE: She's worshipping herself?
KAREN: What else is new.
DOCTOR: It's a contradiction. She's awed by her own presence. She's paralysed.
(The chant falters.)
DOCTOR: Her mind can't take it. She's taking the Headhunter down with her. Hurry, we need to help her reassert her identity and shake the Queen off. What's her real name?
KAREN: Er, she never said.
LUCIE: Seriously?
KAREN: She used lots of different names. I never knew what she was really called.
DOCTOR: We need something of the real her. She's going to die. Hold on. Hold on. Headhunter, Headhunter, tell me your name. Your real name. Tell me.
QUEEN: All praise, all praise (dies)
DOCTOR: Why wouldn't she tell me?
KAREN: Perhaps, perhaps she couldn't.
DOCTOR: What she did was extraordinary, though. Brilliant. Courageous. I never really did work her out, you know?
KAREN: Right, well.
LUCIE: Sorry.
KAREN: No, I'm fine. Fine. I mean, well, it's not like she was going to give me a great reference, was it.
LUCIE: Is it over, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Can you open up a pathway to the Stellar Manipulator for me?
LUCIE: Why? I mean, I dunno. The Queen's dead, isn't she? What
DOCTOR: You are still at the centre of her web. Concentrate, Lucie. The pathway should still be there in your mind. You can do it. Concentrate, and hold my hand.

(Whoosh.)
DOCTOR: Kelly. Hello.
KELLY: Doctor. Where did you come from?
DOCTOR: Oh, I'm not really here. I just sent my consciousness via the Spider Queen's psychic pathway. It's a bit of a mess up here, isn't it?
KELLY: Everyone's quite confused here, yeah. Where are we? I thought it was heaven, and the

spiders sent me here. But, well, I mean, I don't any more.
DOCTOR: The Queen Spider is dead. Her will no longer controls you. But the spiders did send you here, and it is a kind of afterlife. A computer generated one, but still.
KELLY: So, did I really die?
DOCTOR: Yes, I'm afraid you did. I'm sorry.
KELLY: But am I real? Am I me or just a computer programme that thinks its me.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid I don't know any useful way to answer that. Well, not without starting a philosophical debate of exponential proportions, anyway.
KELLY: Why did the spiders do this?
DOCTOR: It was all part of their plan to set themselves up as gods. The spiders made trillions of people believe that.
KELLY: Really? That is pretty appalling.
DOCTOR: Yes. And, since nobody's more of a sceptic about this business than you are, would you like to help me make them unbelieve that?
KELLY: Very much.
DOCTOR: Right. Lucie?
LUCIE [OC]: Yeah? This is good, innit? Worship me, pathetic mortal.
DOCTOR: Please, don't go mad with power, Lucie.
LUCIE [OC]: All right, I'm just having a laugh.
KELLY: Where is she?
DOCTOR: Back on Earth, at the centre of the Queen's psychic web. Lucie, could you let us into the hive mind, please?
LUCIE [OC]: Putting you through to the hive mind, now.

(A loud humming in the background.)
KELLY: Where are we now?
DOCTOR: Inside the minds of the millions of the followers of the Eightfold Truth. You know, I had something bordering on contempt for them at first. I mean, how stupid to fall for all that. But really they're just afraid. They live in chaos, they don't know how ninety percent of everything works, there are so many things they don't understand.
KELLY: You can only try to make people better informed.
DOCTOR: Well, on this issue we can make sure that they are *very* well informed. That humming means their minds are kind of on hold now that the Queen is dead. What we have to do is introduce a new chant. Forget the Eightlegs. Forget the Eightlegs. Come on, Kelly, join in. Forget the Eightlegs. Forget the Eightlegs.
BOTH: Forget the Eightlegs. Forget the Eightlegs.
WORLD: Forget the Eightlegs. Forget the Eightlegs. Forget the Eightlegs.

DAVID: What's happening?
KAREN: I dunno. Doctor, you're back. Look, all the spiders just suddenly started to fall off people's backs and vanish.
DOCTOR: Oh, it's working then. The spiders are skulking off home, back across the astral plane.
DAVID: Why?
DOCTOR: A side effect of my new message.
KAREN: Forget the Eightlegs, is that your message?
DOCTOR: Yes, forget them. They're not even worth thinking about. It's given them a dose of humility. Hopefully they won't be bothering anyone again any time soon.
DAVID: What have you done to them?
DOCTOR: David, relax. In a few minutes you will have forgotten it all.
KAREN: He'll forget?
DOCTOR: Everyone will. I think it's better that way. I wonder if I can do anything about erasing all the news coverage?
KAREN: Is Lucie okay? She's still got her eyes closed.
LUCIE: Yes, I'm fine. I'm just trying to concentrate on getting this message out there, so could you shut up please?
KAREN: Oh. Maybe I should just get going.
DOCTOR: If that's what you want.
KAREN: You're not going to stop me?
DOCTOR: I could ask you whether you've seen the error of your ways, and you could say oh

yes, Doctor, and I could let you run along, but that wouldn't mean much, would it?
KAREN: I suppose not.
DOCTOR: I hope this near disaster which you helped cause has taught you something. And that away from the Headhunter's influence, you might turn out to be a decent person. But don't tell me, show me. I'll check up on you one day.
KAREN: That sounds like a fair deal. Bye, Doctor.
DOCTOR: For now.

(Traffic noise.)
LUCIE: People are dead confused by it all, aren't they.
DOCTOR: Nobody else knows exactly what happened, just us.
LUCIE: Well, and Karen.
SANGAKKARA: Doctor!
LUCIE: Oh, and him.
DOCTOR: Lovely day, isn't it?
SANGAKKARA: Extraordinarily lovely. Thank you both.
DOCTOR: Thank *you*. You were a great help. Here's a gift.
SANGAKKARA: A hard drive?
DOCTOR: Containing the Mercury data your probe would have found, had it got there.
SANGAKKARA: (delighted) Oh, I don't, I don't know what to say.
DOCTOR: Tell everyone your mission was a success. They'll believe you.
SANGAKKARA: I suppose they will, but I feel a little cheated not to have got this myself.
DOCTOR: Well, think of it this way. You can use it to make a case for the funding of your next project.
SANGAKKARA: You know, that's a good idea. Thank you. But I can't take all the credit.
DOCTOR: Well, I'm certainly not going to. Lucie?
LUCIE: Nah, I'm not fussed.
DOCTOR: There you go. You'll have to.
SANGAKKARA: Oh. Well, if you put it like that.
DOCTOR: I most certainly do, Avishka. Now, if you'll excuse us, we have one last piece of business to attend to. Come on, Lucie.
SANGAKKARA: Oh, er, bye then. It was nice meeting you. (Tardis door closes.) Oh. Oh well. (The Tardis dematerialises.)

DOCTOR: Yes, the Stellar Manipulator is following us away from Earth at last.
LUCIE: What are we going to do with it?
DOCTOR: That's the tricky part. We can't destroy energy, and I can hardly destroy the people living inside it either. They can build their own world in there.
LUCIE: So? And then what?
DOCTOR: Maybe we could just hide it.
LUCIE: Hide it?
DOCTOR: Yes, in some obscure corner of the cosmos. Do you have any better suggestions?
LUCIE: Okay, we'll hide it. And then can we make it so I'm not in control of it any more? It weirds me out.
DOCTOR: Without the influence of the Queen Spider, those neural pathways in your brain should be starting to close down now.
LUCIE: What? Oh. Ooo, yeah
DOCTOR: How did it feel to have those incredible psychic powers?
LUCIE: Oh, kinda cool. But it did my head in as well. I didn't feel like myself. But you're right, when the Queen was messing with my brain, it seemed easy, but it's like I'm forgetting how to do all that stuff now.
DOCTOR: Good. You know, I think we need a break, don't you? Nowhere too busy or big. Somewhere we can just be completely trivial.
LUCIE: Trivial? I can give you trivial, mate.
DOCTOR: Go on, then.
LUCIE: Christmas in Blackpool. I dare you.
DOCTOR: You're on, Lucie Miller. Christmas in Blackpool it is.
LUCIE: (laughs) Whoo hoo! Here we go!